The Centurion

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EDITORIAL

Well, it just shows to go ya, don't it? We go to all that trouble to disguise the Centurion as a respectable publication and what kind of appreciation do we get?
Remarks like:

"It's great, man — but don't it look sorta fruity?"
(We thought it looked dignified.)

"It's swell — but what's with this serious look — I mean, straight lines and all that jazz?"
(We had naievely considered a straight line above reproach.)

"Hey, ya spelled everything right!"
(We had laboured under the insane delusion that correct spelling was an asset.)

"Poke it in your nose!"
(That individual is just plain crude.)

All in all, the general concensus seems to be the Centurion has now assumed resemblance to a cross between Hot-Tip Harry's Turf Guide and the Watchtower. Efforts have been made to alter this appearance—the results from Santa Anita will no longer be featured. In the other side of the balance, however, considerable applause and encouragement has been received. Saron Kirk rushed right over to register her appreciation of the letter we published for her. I got up and wiped the blood off my lip just in time to greet Chris Morley who was most vigorous in expressing his delight at our publication and skillful editing of his letter. The doctor says the bandages can come off on the twenty-ninth if no complications develop.

And despite the parody we did on his column, even Mike Horn displayed his essential good nature by leaving a little memento for us in our mailbox. Fortunately it failed to go off. Don Shea, our college Publications Director, dropped in to convey his respects. Don's a great kidder, and in no time at all he had "Toad" Bell in stitches. Twenty-nine, to be exact. From the forehead to the nape of the neck.

And so it went. The entire college seemed to accept the Centurion in the same spirit it was published. Pure apathy. This was comforting. Other notable comments on our first issue were:

"Zowie, gang! FANTABULISTIC! Terrificent! Just tickety-boo. WOW!"
(My mother—she gets carried away.)

". . . just makes me go all ooky inside . . ."
Brian Wilson, (Well I hardly think, uh, . . .)

"Great for cleaning Caf tables. Sops up coffee like a sonofa-. . ." Bob Chamut.

"Poke it in your nose!"
(Who is that person?)

Incidently, it suddenly dawned on the Cro-Magnons concocting this rag that although we openly solicited for the Centurion . . . er . . . ah . . . that is, publicly invited contributions (poems, cartoons, letters, articles of apparel, broken toys, canned milk and other non-perishables, etc.), we neglected to hint how you budding geniuses may transmit your submissions. Therefore, and with that end in mind, to wit, viz—smuggling junk into the Centurion, simply tie your little opus to a 22 cubit spear and manfully hurl it into our tree hut. (We give green coconuts) Should the contributor not happen to be an Edgar Rice Burrows enthusiast, he might just as easily drop it into DANIEL'S OLDE BRIEFECASE, located at the mailbox in the Young Building, which, ironically enough, is not young, while the term "building" is still subject to debate.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sirs:
Poke it in your nose!
Disgusted

Dear Sirs:
I like your paper even if it is fruity.
Martin Barford.

Dear Sirs:
I like your paper becauth it ith fruity.
Loin Priethtly.

Dear Sirs:
I was certainly not the author of that letter you ascribed to me.
Tony Else.

Eds. Note — **Sorry,** slight mistake. It wasn't Tony Else, it was Somebody Else.

Dear Sirs:
Why is it every damn letter in our junky publications up here seems to be some bitchy malcontent griping about some dumbhead complaint. Whatintheheck's wrong with this crummy joint, anyhow?
Fed Up!

Dear Sirs:
Why do we gotta read these dirty books in English 100?
Muriel Chapman.

Dear Sirs:
Is it true what they say about Dixie?
Dixie.

Eds. Note — Not **until** she met dirty Old Man River.

. . . and telegrams.

Victoria College A.M.S.
Why don't yo' shet yo' collective cake-hole?
Ross Barnett.

Mal Potts
Thanks for your concern stop now get off my back, willya?
James Meredith.

Herr Denial Obrain, Eskuire
Centurion-editor
Viktoria Kolleg, Viktoria.

My very dear sir, Herr Obrain!

I vas chust schocked to read ze artikle in ze Centurion, ("Bull by the Corns") makink fun off Herr Michieiel von Horn, Esskuire (zat is too a newspaper, is it not?) Vhile zis artikle kontains more dan a grain of TRUTHTH, ve here all deplore you makink fun off his personnal problemps, like trinken und schmoken. Ve nal problemps, like trinken und schmoken. Ve vere so gladt to see him return to sein Vaterland, und fear zat he vill come bak here wenn you treat him so unkind.

Veritably und truely, indeedt, Herr Obrain, do you honnestly zink zat zis vill improve deutsch-kanadische relationen? Do not, I beseech off you, do suchtsch a horrobel zing again!

I remain, yours for ever, Sieg Heil!
Heinrich von Schapsensaeufer,
Stud. Alkohol.

The Horse's Mouth

By BRIAN LITTLE

Students' Council President, 1961-62

Having been derobed of the office of President of the Students Council, and now basking in the nudity of my normal neurotic Self, I find an interesting change in my attitudes towards such obviously bastardized literary rags as the Centurion. When the Editor, (if that is the term used in this case) of the Centurion asked me to say a few words for this issue, I frankly jumped at the idea, hoping to expose him and his cohorts as being fakes, dupes, or hacks.

Alas, I am myself duped. Though the old order changeth, I have nonetheless perceived (after taking off my rose-coloured glass of the Presidency) some enduring patterns of student life that are paradoxically needed and undesirable. These facets of student life are exemplified by the pipe-smoking, society hating, study shirking pseudo-philosophers; the gaping Freshmen during the traumatic first week; the jokers playing chess all day in the Men's Commons; the tight-skirted repeaters of English 100; and those like Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Bell who engage in the bloodthirsty sport of student publication.

Some of these types are far from desirable, even loathsome, yet they are a necessary ingredient of our college life. It may be said that they are part of the composite Gestalt of Victoria College, who, when taken out of context, leave little upon which to judge the relative value of the good, the studious, and the just, with my new eyes of Non-Presidential aloofness I single out in particular the importance of the Centurian. Last year my impression of the rag was one of singular disgust, possibly because it lacked what I felt constituted good artistic taste, but more probably because it had said some nasty things about our Students Council. I hope my feeling of contempt has been tempered with unbiased insight this year. I feel, in fact, a warm glow of compassion creeping over my denuded little frame.

Centurions—in a morbid little way I love you. You respect that which every college needs—the radicals, the fools, the funny writers that somehow still "smell of think." Why, you may ask, are these types needed? Possibly it is because within the sick joke editorials and the pointed little cartoons, and the anecdotal little comments scattered willy nilly amongst the Centurion's pages, there lies something of value. There may be a little bit of truth peeping through the bawdy that strikes home.

If this is so, and I think it is, then you and your kind are performing a valuable service for Vic. College. Often it seems the most apparent beauties are concealed behind a garish camouflage of absurdity.

Check this issue to make sure nobody has removed pages 3 and 4—the Centurion two-page full color fold-out pin-up of Pat Eagles doing the dance of the Forty Iron Veils.

Election Week In Retrospect
— or —
"It's a Landslide for the Student Council!"

MONDAY

6 a.m. Alf Pettersen declares he is not supporting either candidate, also declares Mal Potts a skunk.

TUESDAY

Noon. Candidates speeches.

Tastefully attired Larry Devlin introduces candidate.

"Lungs" Caccioni introduces Mad Mal.

Mal drops telegram bombshell.

Race riots.

Priestly speaks.

Race (for the door) riots.

Pettersen explains NFCUS organization to Mal.

Pettersen has mouth soaped out.

6 p.m. Pettersen calls "Bund" meeting.

Council goes "in camera" (Latin for "dummy-up").

Council gives Potts small epistle and a poison apple.

WEDNESDAY

Noon. Potts rally.

Wayward Trio performs.

Wayward Potts performs. Lambastes Council.

Dennis Gornall provides comic relief with bull-moose imitation.

Ellery Littleton asks Pettersen's permission to speak.

Potts (brown belt) pins Littleton in two out of three falls for mike.

Battallion of Fusiliers, Lord Strathcona Horse restores order.

THURSDAY

Potts announces judo demonstrations, juggling, trained bears and entire population of Mesopotamia sticking themselves with pins. (Gordon Head Gym, 12:30)

Student Council announces "despotism" charge rebuttal. (auditorium, 12:30)

BE THERE!

Potts cancels judo, et. al.; comes in like Gangbusters.

THEN der Harn hits the stove.

Potts sends 12 telegrams to Mississippi.

Council sends 34.

Bob Bell sends 1 (to his mother in Walla Walla asking for door key).

CNR telegrapher gets charley-horse of index finger.

Campus flooded with smear sheets.

FRIDAY

Election Day

12:30 Rolli Caccioni caught stuffing ballot boxes.

12:35 Caccioni stuffed. Mounted in Women's Commons.

12:36 Caccioni moved to boiler room.

Brian Wilson (who's he?) declared new Vice-President.

Marty Finsterwald, 1096-5th Street East, Chicago, Ill., socks mother in teeth.

POETRY SECTION

As I Lay with My Head in the Gutter, Camerado

Babbling blockhead, burning bright,
In some gin mill through the night;
What immoral hand or toe
Could make your trenchcoat filthy so?

In what dismal depths and styes
Did you black your bloodshot eyes?
You dare to human form aspire—
Your mother canine (What the sire?)

And what shoulder and what art
Will finally fix your little cart?
And when your brain begins to think
Won't there be a charcoal stink?

What the hammer? What the sickle?
Comes Johnny Birch—you've in a pickle!
What the devil in whose clasp,
Dare you not but falsehood gasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And you were lushed right to the ears,
Did they smile your form to see
Stand in Night Court on TV?

Babbling blockhead, smouldering out,
D.T. shaken, what a lout.
What immoral hand or toe
Could get your trenchcoat filthy so?

—Ian Heskell

The Centurion

Bootlegged around the campus despite measures taken by the AMS, the SCM, and the SPCA.

Top Banana.....Daniel "The Meatball" O'Brien.
Overlord.....Bob "Toad" Bell.
Bum-boy around the office..Leslie "Millin" Millin
Accomplice.....Ivars "Gwumba" Lusis.
Neurotic.....Elsie Wollaston.
Tetrarche of Stoke Poges
.....Podaleirios, The Oichalian.
Left out.....Jay Hinton.

DON T BE A SCHLUNK ALL YOUR LIFE!

(third in a series)

By DANIEL O'BRIEN

In today's ultrasophisticated society, polished conversation enjoys a position of paramount importance. Complete success or suicide, socially speaking, may well hinge upon a turn of phrase, to crucify a metaphor. Now, what rhetorical device could possibly compete with the judicious use of slang in conveying so many subtle distinctions of meaning, as well as adding that required moricum of dash and vigour to give one's speech character, personality, and filth? Naturally, the "Centurion" editors are always interested in aiding the rest of you clots to become socially acceptable, and thus we present for your benefit this educational article dealing with correct slang usage.

Incidentally, it will be noted that when I say "slang" I make no reference to those glib, juvenile, and hopelessly artificial effusions of drivel and jargon spewed forth ad nauseum by our television and comic strip heroes (notably Kookie (ugh) Byrnes). No, I mean slang — **real** slang. Here then are a few choice vocabulary builders fresh from some of our most progressive penitentiaries, hobo jungles, and P.T.A. meetings. Unfortunately the exigencies of time and space are such as to prohibit the presentation of all but those terms most germane to college life:

GAS

A rather nebulous concept; noun or verb, vaguely denoting either exhilaration or air movement: your party may be a real **gas** (successful social venture) ; you can **gas** with buddies (converse) ; or you can get **gassed** out of your mind (intoxicated). By all means tell your girl she's a gasser, or even that she gasses you; but you are ill advised to tell her she gives you gas. Avoid the word altogether when writing to your friends in San Quentin.

HOSE

An ambiguous term. As a noun it denotes a telephone; but as a verb it means to deceive or outrage someone. This second usage has many valuable synonyms. Should your friend fall prey to some unscrupulous merchant you may say, "Man, you got hosed (shafted, japped, marked in)." Or simply declare. "Hoo boy ,they saw you coming!"— the implications are immense.

SCRAN

As a noun, denotes food, sustinance; verb takes the suffix "up", e.g. "Hang tough while I scran up, guys." An equally colourful substitute presents itself in the expression "to grease" — i.e. eat (always used in the verb form).

CHICK

An acceptable vernacular word denoting the young female homo sapiens has yet to be found. "Dame" went out with button shoes; "broad" for some reason is frowned upon, "skirt" even more so; "harp"—well . . . ; "twist" is now confused with that barbaric gyration of identical appelation; "frill" never made it over the Rockies; and "jane" is out for the post-Studs Lonigan era. Mike Hammer's antediluvian yet wordly "chick" is still your safest bet.

Most important of all, of course, in collegiate life are those colourful references to the ravages of grain and grape. Of these we offer a mere handful of the multitude which have come into use:

"Boy, did I get—

polluted, soused, crocked, slushed, lushed, garbled, potted, gowed, gassed, smashed, pickled, hooped, looped, scooped, cut, lit, stoned, squiffed, skunked, stewed, schwacked, knacked, tanked, hammered, bagged, bazzled or bombed — last night!"

Innovators in this field have recently discarded the overworked perfect passive participle in favor of a suave, newly-coined adjectival form: "Boy, was I stoners (tankers, baggers . . . etc.) last night!" The anatomical embellishment indicating extent (to the gills, eyeballs, ears, gluteus maximus, etc.) is now looked upon as superfluous and unsophisticated.

The potential benefits which a cultivated slang vocabulary offers cannot be truly appreciated until one summons up the courage to experiment with a few choice expressions. The next time, therefore, the reader finds himself ignored at a banquet, vainly attempting to procure a piece of cutlery, instead of a plaintive, "Excuse me, could you pass me a fork, please?" try a rich, vibrant: "Hey, Shoily! Toss me a gut-wrench, willya?" Now bask in the attention you receive.

YEAH! IT'S THE OLE MISS. TWIST.